A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, March 20. 1708

I Have had Abundance of Letters and other Importunities, to engage me to enter more nicely into the Subject of the present Invasion of *Scotland*, and the Gentlemen are very angry with me, that I will not give my Opinion of the Temper of *Scotland*, and what may be expected from them on this Occasion; because having been so long and so lately there, they suppose, I ought to know something more of those People in particular, than other Folks do; nay, some certain Gentlemen have been so angry, that I would not enter upon this Subject, that they have, as it is said, banished the poor *Review* from a certain *Coffee-House* they use, not far from the Center of Government, because I have not gratify'd their Desire.

As to the Importunity of the Gentlemen, it will not yet move me to enter upon a Subject, in which I have no Thoughts of doing Service; for if I should handle this Matter with that Plainness and Impartiality, that I desire to handle every Subject with, which I speak of, I think, I must tell some unhappy Truths, which at present are better conceal'd, *at least which it can do none but our Enemies any Good to discover*; and I am not by impertinent Importunities to be moved to say, what I think can do no Good.

In the next Place, the Town is so full of your Union-Doctors, who think, they can mend all the Faults of the Union, *and then make Doubts in it for themselves to resolve*, that I thought it was to no Purpose to engage

gage in a Thing, which others pretend to ſay all about that can be ſaid.

And, as if one Malecontent Author, *who tells us now in a threatning Manner, that we had not beſt provoke the Scots*, were not enough, here is another come to Town, who pretends to engroſs all that can be ſaid; and in his firſt *Scots Obſervator*, as he calls it, has the Face to ſay in ſo many Words, that he is a *mortal Enemy to the Union*———— Now, Gentlemen, here is One ſays, the Union *can be alter'd*, another ſays *it cannot*; one ſays *he hates* the Union, another ſays he is *for it*; and what middle Way can I take? Let them fight it out; *if I muſt give you my Opinion*, it is, that they both meddle with what they do not underſtand, they both want *French* Spectacles, and I think neither of them worth your Notice.

As to the Gentlemen that have baniſh'd the *Review* from ————*s Coffee-Houſe*, they are heartily welcome, and the Town ſhall have my Hand for it at any Time, that not a *Coffee-Houſe* in the Nation takes it in; nor do I believe it ſhall be read to leſs Purpoſe, if no Body ſaw it, but thoſe who deſign'd to reap ſome Advantages by it.

But at laſt, if you want to know in general what the Temper of *Scotland* is as to Union, *French* Invaſion, &c. I muſt firſt give you a few Preliminaries, and then I'll tell you my Opinion of them in an *Anigma* or Allegory, which if you will apply, without Prejudice, will let you into the true Senſe of the Matter.

Firſt, You muſt talk of *Scotland* here, as that Part of *Scotland*, who both in Kirk and State acted againſt the Union, but acquieſc'd in it, when over rul'd; as for thoſe who both are and were for the Union in general, the Queſtion does not relate to them.

Secondly, You are to expect, that *Papiſts*, *Jacobites* and the *Epiſcopal Diſſenters* are univerſally againſt the Union, and would very gladly ſee it diſſolv'd again, and therefore theſe are not at all meant here; but of the other you may make ſome Judgment from the following Lines, if you have any Skill in Riddling, and do not miſconſtrue them.

ÆNIGMA.

A WIDOW *I*, and long unwed,
That ſhut out Princes from my Bed;
Was Coy and Dainty, Bold and Strong,
And courted both by Old and Young;
Had Sons and Daughters *Brave and Fair*,
Heirs for my Land, and Land *to heir*;
Strong Vows of Chaſtity *too* made,
And oft had ſworn, I'd *never wed*.
But Doating now, *as I grow Old*,
Charm'd with fine Stories ſmoothly told,
Of *Commerce*, Neighbourhood, *and Gold*;
My Vows of Chaſtity *I broke*,
And *bow'd my Neck* to Marriage Yoke.

And next I'll tell, *ſince I am wed*,
How my unchaſt Embrace *has ſped*;

My

My Husband's *Rich*, and *Wiſe*, and *Strong*,
Has Head and Hands, and *Muckle-Tongue* ;
Pretends to Love, and *loudly boaſts*,
He'll keep Me whatſoe're it coſts ;
But Chagrin I, and Diſcontent,
(Tho' to my Spleen I give no Vent)
On all Occaſions let him ſee,
I mourn my mortgag'd Liberty.

Hurried by Fate unto my Fall,
I own *I lov'd him not* at all ;
Yet *ſince 'tis done*, and I am ſped,
By Tongue and Lug the Contract's made ;
I *do deſign*, like Wife of Honour,
My Reputation *to exonor* ;
To loath'd Embrace reſolve *to truckle*,
Tho' I muſt own, it griev'd me muckle.

He had a Rival dwelt in *France*,
A Youth of Hope, but born by chance ;
Who ſent me Word, while he was Young,
He'd liberate Me, *when grown ſtrong* ;
But I, by Faith and Wedlock ty'd,
Howe're unwillingly :
DENY'D.
Told Him, I'd to my Vows be true,
And *wou'd* reſiſt, *ſhou'd* He purſue.

The Youth, enrag'd with Rival Fire,
Ambition prompting ſtrong Deſire ;
Plotts and Entreaties all in vain,
And out of Hopes my Love to gain;
Reſolving now *no more to wooe me*,
But with Revenge and Hate purſue me;
Joyns with my Foes, and both prepare,
For Rapes, *for Raviſhments*, and War.

My Spouſe, a Prince of muckle Fame,
Well known by Character and Name,
Tho' I'm indeed a jurly Wife,
Declares he loves Me as his Life ;
Bids me *not fear* the young Pretender,
While *I have him* for my Defender ;

Swears